

YOUNG GENTLEMEN IN SOCIETY WHO ARE CAPITAL BURLESQUERS.



STRAUSS.

PICKET DUTY.

MR. PITTMAN ON THE LEFT. MR. HICKEY ON THE RIGHT.

WHEN FOR THE FIRST TIME... One of the best numbers on the program of the Hot Time Minstrel's show... performed at the Casino last Thursday night... for the benefit of the Kike, who the clown... of Messrs. Pittman and Hickey, called performer. Not so long ago this same "Picket Duty." The female was impressive... Newport, whither Messrs. Pittman and Hickey went for the summer. It did more than make a social stir; it brought an offer from a prominent theatrical manager to star the two St. Louisians over his vaudeville circuit.

When Courthouse Square became the bustling place of dis-solute characters and trespassers it came to be known as "O'Brien's Flats," and was shunned after dark because of numerous hold-ups, which occurred in the neighborhood.

GARDEN AND PARK ARE BRIGHT WITH COLORS OF SPRING.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, trails" are very much in evidence at Shaw's Garden and Tower Grove Park these April days, and those who haven't seen them since last fall would do well to go at once. Right now, both the park and the garden are full of color, and are peculiarly attractive, because most of the trees are still in their winter nakedness. One feels, on catching the first glimpse of the gorgeous magnolias, the flaming branches of the redbud and the brilliant yellow wreaths of the forsythia, that nature is putting her brightest hues into the landscape at first to make amends for the long, depressing monotone of the winter. Warm sun and gentle showers have wrought a wonderful change in the aspect of things out of doors, and nowhere in St. Louis is this change so marked as in the two places mentioned. Almost in a night the gloom of winter gave place to the smile of spring. Of the early flowers, none is so interesting to the grower and public alike as the magnolia, seven or eight varieties of which are perfectly hardy in this climate, and at least five of which are in full bloom now. The most interesting, in shape, are the Chinese and Japanese daughters of the family which are making their St. Louis debut this year, and which have established themselves in the hearts of flower-lovers at one bound. It is only within the past few years that St. Louis florists have paid much attention to magnolias as lawn shrubs, because it was thought for a long time that they would not stand the rigors of the Missouri winter. But since it has been learned that by planting them in the late spring, or early fall, and cutting them back to a stump of not more than 6 inches, they do well, hundreds have been planted in the parks and in private grounds. Some of the varieties attain a height of 60 feet at maturity and make beautiful shade trees, both on account of their pyramidal form, and the rich color and leathery texture of their leaves. Next in attractiveness to the magnolias just now are the clumps of forsythia, or yellow-bells, which are dotted here and there throughout Tower Grove Park. Each shrub is literally covered with blossoms of the most brilliant yellow, and against the background of green turf makes a dash of color which is noticed for a long distance and which grows more and more attractive on closer inspection. After the purple and white of the magnolia, and the yellow of the forsythia, the scarlet branches of the redbud trees come in for their share of attention, and while they are not so pronounced in color, the dainty buds are well worth careful inspection. Superintendent Gurney declares that he never grew such prizes in his life as he has now. The season has been exactly suited to their development, and hundreds of thousands of the gaudy, wide-awake looking blossoms are on view at present. They come in every imaginable shade of color, and in the most bewildering combinations of both. Hardly less gaudy, and considerably more showy, are the tulip beds, which are also in the full perfection of their charms, and from them it is but a step to the greatest of all spring annuals, the hyacinth. These come the daffodils, great beds of them as yellow as buttercups, and crisp and freak looking.

property of the city and that of the county. It will be remembered that the Courthouse did not become the property of St. Louis until the present square and Courthouse went into effect on the 1st of January, 1858. As long as the property remained in the hands of the county, some effort was made to keep the adjacent lots from being used on the four plots of ground each spring and the trees on the four sides of the square, which by the time had reached considerable proportions, were pruned and given ornamentation. This after the transfer was made, the square seemed to have been abandoned, and the adjacent lots were either built upon or left vacant, and each would make the place, namely occupied by the square.

When the fence was removed, that is the main part of it, the stone building on which the rails and pickets had rested was left to define the boundary line between the



Courthouse Square was a veritable oasis in the surrounding desert of brick and stone. There were trees, bright flowers, green grass, a playing fountain and well-known walks, where children came to play.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY STRAUSS

ONCE ONE OF THE PRETTIEST SPOTS IN ST. LOUIS.

WHEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLICIAN Do you remember the four beautiful flower beds and the flower beds that used to ornament the four corners of Courthouse Square? Do you remember the handsome iron and stone fence that used to surround the lawn, and the large fountain that stood at the southeast corner and helped to make it the prettiest spot in all St. Louis? No? You don't remember them? Well, perhaps your father does. There are dozens, in fact, hundreds of men still living who remember when the block bounded by Broadway, Fourth, Market and Chestnut streets was the pride of the city. In fact there are many citizens who remember distinctly when the Courthouse was finished, and the little parks and iron fence were constructed after that. Do you think you could find a man in the city to-day who would point out Courthouse Square as an attractive spot? Perhaps not. On the contrary, haven't you felt like apologizing to strangers for the dilapidated look of the city's temple of justice? Look at the photograph reproduced on this page and see if you think the man who was responsible for the tearing down of the fence and the destruction of the flower beds did much toward beautifying the grounds. Take another look, and see if you don't think he had rather peculiar ideas of the beautiful. But save us your mind the downtown section of the city and see if you can recall a spot which is as attractive to-day as this Courthouse green was when your father was a boy. It would be difficult to find a blade of grass within half a dozen blocks of that once beautiful square now. There isn't a flower bed anywhere in view of the dome of the building which used to look down on such a pretty garden. Does all of this mean that St. Louisians have lost their appreciation of the beautiful; or is it simply a reminder that in the rush of business and amid the perplexing cares of everyday life men do not stop and think? Can you guess what prompted the destruction of this oasis in the desert of brick and stone? The true answer to the question is simple, if not satisfactory, so simple, in fact, that it would hardly be guessed. The boys and girls who lived in that neighborhood were directly responsible for the sacrifice. Impelled by that instinct which prompts children to cuddle up close to Mother Nature, all the little folks who lived in that section of the city used to spend as much time in and around Courthouse Square as their mothers would permit. They played on the sidewalk outside the fence when the keeper or the policeman at the head was in sight. When these dreaded individuals were called away by duty or occupation the little folks crept into the square to roll on the grass and listen to the tinkling of the fountain, to watch the gold fish swimming in the shallow basin at its foot; to bask with the longing of childhood at the bright flowers in the beds, or better than all, to paddle around in the fountain's basin with the gold fish. In the course of time the keeper and the policeman became either careless or indifferent, and the children became bolder. They literally overran the place, and day and night were voted unmitigated nuisances, not only by the keeper and the policeman, but also by the sodas lawless who roamed and went from day to day, with their heads full of bricks, and with no thought of the day when they were boys. Thus it came to pass that the grass plots became ragged, and unattractive; the fountain got out of fix and the light overcast, the iron fence began to rust and decay, the gates wouldn't stay closed, and the whole place took on a squalidish air. One fine day it was moved that the court order